The True Sentiment of the Day.

Character of Kriss Kringle Dissected.

What Was the First Great Christmas Gift on Record?

"ST. NICHOLAAS, GOOD HEILIG MAN!"

Old England's "Wassail Bowl" and Young America's Egg Nogg.

HOW THE DAY WILL BE OBSERVED.

metimes, when, far away from his native land, a traveller wanders alone amid an unfamiliar landscape, no human creature in sight, no hing to be seen but blue mountains and green valleys mellow and radiant in the sunlight, nothing to be heard but the cool wash of the river and the nentary rustle of the forest, a peaceful sadness creeps over him, and he is suddenly confronted with an apparition—himself as he used to be. His vanished and forgotten youth comes back to him, d the dark ravine, as though in that obscure ting place it had lain and waited for him many year. And so, for one sacred resurrectionary hour, he holds communion with the boyhood that has passed away forever, with the dreams of youth

A holiday will occasionally bring about a similar state of feeling. The demands of practical life so quickly and thoroughly brush away mere sentiment that some special occasion or event is needed to reach the little that may be left in a mature mind. But a houday brings about touchng contrasts between old and young, and it is bese contrasts which probe the adult heart and cause it to yearn toward the green pastures of youth. Christmas is king of holidays in this repect. He proves that if youth and crabbed age cannot live together, they can, at least, be very good company for each other one day in the year. Santa Claus is the champion pacificator. "Merry Christmas" means "let us have peace." Kriss Kringle is diplomatist-in-chief in reconciling the differences between infancy and age. Just now we called him King, but is he not rather Chief Magistrate in the Republic of Good Humor? No White House vies with his, which the snow has consetrated. Let us call him Chief Justice, too, with no spot upon his flaky ermine. He is not a hero, magnanimous and jovial myth. Still less is he a cynic turned saint. He never uttered a proverb or gave bad advice about the training of children. There is a tradition in need that on Christmas Eve he puts birches in bad children's stockings; but we are inclined to regard inis as a piece of parental tergiversation, wholly unsupported by fact. If there is any one thing that Kriss Kringle especially respects it is the sentiment of the occasion, and it is this trait that has won for him the fidelity of his young friends. Children have a livelier faith in him than most adults seem to have in the Creator. Kriss Kringle dwells within the Arctic circle, with the North Pole for his flagstaff. He has his pick of reindeer and drives a sleigh that would make him a millionnaire if he only chose to patent it. His religion is the belief that the 25th of December is the time par excellence for oks and toys and sweetmeats. He presides over the inventive genius of toydom, quickens the brains of Caleb Plummer and inspires the Hartz others with new tricks. He hates stingy ople. He puts it into the hearts of the rich

April fools, and on St. Valentine's Day gives double duty to the postman. In short, the Kriss Kringle spirit, of which Christmas Day is the essence, makes itself left in unrecognized instalments at certain intervals throughout the year.

to be generous, and of the poor not to expect much more than they get. Many people imagine that he passes the interval between Christmas and Christmas in a state of torpor and

ectivity, like the snake. But this is a piece of

ignorance which does gross injustice to his in-dustry and sympathy with human nature, espe-

cially child nature. He visits us often, though we recognize him not. Many a time he is the angel

whom we are entertaining unawares. At every

lary deity of childhood is present in spirit. On the

Fourth of July ne is behind every pinwheel. On Thanksgiving Day he ordains two pieces of mince

pie to the bairnies who would else get only one: on the 1st of April he replenishes the world with

HUMANITY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT. God's Christmas gift to humanity was Christ. The theology and dogma of the subject we leave to the commentators. Few indeed are the wor-shippers who will not agree with us when, with-Christ on earth as the most valuable gift humanity has yet received. Why the gift was not made sooner 'twere vain to speculate. It came in the fullness of time. Humanity has had noble gitts from the same source from time to time—gifts which it has despised, ignored and rejected. But it is our intention not to preach a sermon, but to indicate the strange manner in which the Christmas sentiment has grown. Christ was a spiritual gift. Un-happily mankind cannot imitate their Creator in this. It is as much as the best of us can do to obing to get them for our neighbors. Hence, perhaps, the interchange of material presents. They are will. If we cannot give our neighbor the orna-ment of a meek and quiet spirit (and sometimes, nt on us), we give him an earthly gem inornament on us), we give him an earthly gem in-stead, and, we are sorry to say, probably please

him a great deal more.

CHRISTMAS IN A BROWN STONE PRONT.

Rich people are never so much reverenced as at
Christmas time. Then all of us who cannot live in brown stone fronts bow down before the brown ne element. Humanity thirsts for comfort as beautiful and the true are all very well, but what the average man prefers is the luxurious, and the The Christmas of the rich is a solid fairy land which our senses tell us exists, though not per-haps for us. The dog has more humanity in him than we have, for the dog hangs over Lazarus, while all our eyes are given to Dives. Rags are anviting in pictures, but purple and fine linen will do for every day. And so we dream of dainty saloons dedicated to graceful games and embel-lishments of holly and evergreen. Nothing unpleasant shall enter the voluptous and innocent little heaven, with its firmament of gas jets, its Soor wadded with carpets softer than clover, its delicate curtains, its brilliant tapestries, its filuminated Christmas tree aname like the burning bush, its music and laughter and dancing, its warmth, its fervor, its repartees and its firtations. This is the kind of Christmas found by the hundred in all large cities. Its antithesis is found by the thouthe components of this unique bit of actual happi-ness. Have we reached it when we mention the Good health, good humor, animal spirits? No. All these, doubtless. have something to do with it, but

carnal minded reader will not dissent when we reply, plenty of money. The sentiment of home and family affection, exquisite attributes both. Let it not for one moment be imagined that we wish to decry them. All that we claim is that you

cannot erect upon them and them alone such a Christmas celebration as shall satisfy the average

man and woman, the average boy and girl. Ro, good people. To do this you must have pienty of money, and then we get the Christmas of the brown stone front, teeming with the rarest elaborations of the publisher and toy maker all the world over, and sending forth such an incense asmust make Kriss Kringle feel he hus not lived in vain.

CURISTMAS ON A LOWER SCALE.

All this is perfectly compatible with a great deal of honest enjoyment among people of limited means, but the elements of which the average Christmas is composed are so well and so generally understood that it is unnecessary to refer to them at great length here. It is the extremes which, by contrasting with, explain each other. The holiday chiaro-oscuro is always exceedingly picturesque, We have seen the lights—let us not forget the shadows. These sad lines and gloomy streaks in the wondrous etching with which the year present us at its holiday close, shall we not regard them, too? The prison, the hospital, the insane asylum, the house of refuge, the home for the failen—can we cease to remember that such things are, and that they must also have a certain tinge of Christmas? At our own tables we eat and drink in comfortable security. Outside are the homeless, the friendless and the outcast. Do we flatter ourselves that we have won our comforts by our deserts, and that between us and our less happy brethren is the same distinction as between those who, spiritually gloating, sit self-crowned in the New Perusalem and them that tap disheartened at the gates of pearl in vain? And then this labyrinth of wretched homes, o teeming tenement houses that forms so bleak and dismal a background. It would be interesting to hear upon what principles the rich man defends the boundless appetite he has for the good things of his Christmas table, and the very poor appetite he has for the sorrows and necessities of the people who inhabit the block of tenement noises he owns. The very poor certainly have no Christmas joys worth mentioning. They furnish the somore threads to

which so many interesting traditions are to be gathered—and to compare it with the Christmas of the present.

Yesterday was emphatically the CHILDREN'S DAY.

It was St. Nicholas' Day; therefore it was the day of the children who loved St. Nicholas in the times of the old Butch burghers. In the old annals of this city, when it was New Amsterdam; when hendstrong old Stuyvesant was Commander-in-Chief; when our now crowded Broadway was below Wall street, only Heere Straat, and when our business-throttled Maiden lane was T' Maagde Pautje (the Maidens' path), where the red cheeked, fall lipped Dutch maidens went to hang out their nutering clothes: when the meat market was on Bowling Green; when the present City Hall was a public pasture out side of the city wall; and when the great Masco of this mighty metropolis was, for the simple people who then inhabited it, the city road between Wall street and New Haarlem—a long stretch of country fields and forests; the 24th December was dedicated to St. Nicholas. From the earliest days of Manhattan Island Christmas Eve was sacred to him. Children as naturally see that which is reverential in old memories as admits see that which is merely social. This is why the Dutch boys and girls adored, with a love peculiarly their own, the Jolly rosy cheeked, white bearded little old man, sporting his low crowned hat; glorying in his Flemish trunk hose; smoking his pipe longer than himself; driving through the air over town and country, oceans and deserts; and, in their fancies, sending through space the sharpest of whistles to the wonderful team that carried the wonderful aleigh. Life some of our own little boys and girls many and many a Christmas Eve did some Dutch little ones try to catch St. Nick by sitting up to see him come down the chimney with his pack on his back. But somehow or other there never did happen to be a fire in the great chimney as late on the night before Christmas as on the other 364 nights of the year. The little Dutch children biamed mamma: but that good lady wou the present.
Yesterday was emphatically the

mean, of course, the good little ones who didn't sit up) until slumber dropped like a cloud over them, for the first prancing of the reindeer on the rool. This generation of believers—these little Knickerbocker children—have passed away forever; we have no more goeden vrouws, but good mothers; the quaint village has changed into this haughty, roaring, rushing metropolis; but the children of 1873 still keep up the devotion of the children of 1873 still keep up the devotion of the children of 1870 to S. Nicholas—only they call him

8ANTA CLAUS.

It is the same friend, however; the same old, lowbuilt, chubby, mysterious ancient, who loves chil-

1873 still keep up the devotion of the children of 1850 for St. Nicholas—only they call him

ANTA CLAUS.

It is the same friend, however; the same old, low-built, chabby, mysterious ancient, who loves children. "Time," as says wise Teuleisdröckh, "is no fast-hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean." Weil said, old Teuleisdröckh; for little do Johnny and Ada think that these holidays of time bring them a year nearer to their end. They play with Time and laughingly send out their cockle-boats on what seems so bright and sanny, telling him to take care of them. Why find fault with Johnny and little Ada? Why tell them that it not a sunlit, sportful ocean, but a færce torrent, roaring its way to the rocks? We seniors have no right to interfere. We have forgotten all that we ever knew of their country or its laws.

We are toid by the aictisht chronicles of this island how the toys came from Holland; how they looked as squat and as chubby as the people who made them; how they were made so strong that they would last from one Christmas to another; how they were received with delight and kept in high state. There was a song that the Dutch boys and gris used to sing every Christmas Eve in honor of St. Nicholass, good, holy man." In the old Dutch it was not very elegant, but it was something better—it was sincere. It was sing or centuries here in our city. Would the children of to-day like to hear it in English? If so we will give what Hendricks and little Katrinas in the old days used to sing with tnear childish voices by the great kitchen fireplace:—

St. Nicholas, good, holy man,
Put your best tabbard on you can,
And in it get to Amsterdam.
From Amsterdam to Hispane.
Where applies bright of orange
And so you will make any end;
If you me now something will give,
Serve you I will as long as I hve.

And serve him they did, too—through all their lives—they and their children of the bothom's children after them, as late, in this very city, as 1851 (as Mr. D. T. Valentine informs us was done in some ancient Dutch iamil

Christmas in the showman's windows, because none of the villagers was rich enough to buy it. But our modern Cosettes are not half so easily satisfied. They not only want the big doll, but they must have the doll's house, her china set, her furniture, her tollet set—everything, in fact, that can tickle the doll's vanity or meet her presumed necessities. As to that vanity, it is colossal. Our modern doll is the "proud Miss MacBride" in miniature. She insists upon having her city house and her summer villa. She must have her parlors hung around with real lace, she must see her graces in a real mirror. Her china, if diminutive, must be genuine, and her dresses, if ditto, must be in the "latest fashion." Of course, all this gives their little mistresses a false view of life. It teaches them that there is no suffering in the world—only wealth and luxury. Suppose that he other side of the picture would be given. Suppose that some soured Caleb Plummer would reproduce in a toy the horrors of a tencement house in Baxter street. Suppose that he would display the dirty rags that make the bed on the foor—the rags with the bones in them that try to find rest in them o' nights—all the poverty and square and wretchedness of the scene. Would the toy be bought? Or, if bought, would it be believed in by the children? Would they shudder at the want from which they are happing free? Would it open their little hearts in a dual stream of pity and charity? Perhaps so, perhaps not. Wealth and poverty rarely understand one another. For the rest, childhood is not the interpreter to bring them together.

Having settled with the children let us see how Christmas Day was Cellebrated.

rest, Childhood is not the interpreter to bring them together.

Having settled with the children let us see how Chilstmas Day was Children let us see how Chilstmas Day was Children let us see how who men of New Amsterdam. We are not speaking here of the men who ruled this city after 1c74, when the Stadt Huys beil rang out the alarum, and the Englishman drove the Dutch for good out of Fort Amsterdam. But we are speaking of those who lived when old Petrus Stuyvesant was in his glory; when the bakers gave 13 good honest loaves to the dozen; when fiddies and fiddiers were in high repute, and when cherry brandy, true Holland and mulled cider were the lashionable drinks. Let us give a picture of Christmas Day in 1660. To do that one must first fancy one of those quaint old houses, high ridged, but with slowly sloping roots, with the social stoops and the low, projecting eaves, beneath which, in fair weather, the solid burghers were wont to congregate at twilight to smoke their long pipes and to discuss the price of bearskins and the chances of the Connecticut colonists to enter their town. But it is inside the house, not outside of it, that our business lies. There the good vrove is in all her glory. Suppose that it is in the forenoon. Write capped and bare armed—the latter in spite of the season—she and her daughters are busy sprinkling the floor with the whitest sand, stroking it with a broom into a hundred fantastic curves, burnishing the huge oaken chest that stands in the parlor, filled with the cherished homemade linen, and scrubbing until they look like little suns the sliver portungers, tankards and ladies, never exposed except on Christmas, New Years, Whusuntide and such feast days.

Is all this for company? Oh, no. Mynheer, of New Amsterdam, like his successor, of New York, dines at home on Christmas Day. The house has been doined in as pure and as clean as the good woman can make it; and the brass nails of the straightbacked armechair of Russia leather shime like diamonds. Where is the good man in the mean

team that carried the wonderful siegh. Like some of our own little boys and gris, man; and many a catch St. Nick up sitting up to see him come down the chimney with his pack on his back. But somehow or other there never did happen to be a fire in the great chimney as late on the night before Christmas as on the other 364 nights of the year. The little Dutch children blamed mamma: but that go di lady would whisper, with a wise shake of the head, that St. Nick did not like fires—and that seitled the natter for good. Some would sit up, however, until very late—one little boy, whose story is not forgotien, more stubbers than the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually been loand half irecen in the part of the rest, having actually large of the related having a large the rest in the part of the

of course, there is a deal of erman silver where before the rate of an ide erman silver where to the course, too, that is were ratit exclusively, as it is pretty much the case everywhere. We are probably more simple on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day than we are usually. But are we sundicently simple? Do we aim to see only that which is so hallowed and gracious in this time? Or do we, even on that day sacred to the Archetype of numility, swell and strut like the Junonian peacock? Pater-familias swears that his family dinner shall be the finest and his turkey the lattest in his square. Maler-familias swears that his family dinner shall be the finest and his turkey the lattest in his square. Maler-familias declares within herself that her Christmas tree shall be the handsomest among all the neighbors. After all, however, this may be super-critical. Perhaps we ought to temember, as Things change their titles, as our manners turn, it we may possibly be biaming ourselves for what is unavoidable. Certainly we are richer than in the days of the Van Twillers and the Van Dams, and if we spend more upon our chidren than they were wont to do upon theirs, it is fair to suppose that it is not mere ostentation, but multiplied incomes, that make out to Chonathea, and pose, then, we that all the control of the most preclose of them, we that all the control of the most preclose of them, we that all the control of them, or the most preclose of the preclose of them, we have a suppose the preclose of them, we have a suppose that it is not mere ostentation, but multiplied incomes, that among the most touching memorials ever rendered to Christmas is that sweet procession of children, who, leaving their warm beds, and having seized the preclose gitted in store to them, or the property of the most preclose of them, we have rules to the most preclose of them, we have rules to the most preclose of them, we have rules for the most preclose of them, we have rules for the most preclose of the preclose of the preclose of the preclose of the

knowledge to know that the nut-brown beverage was something delicious in its time; and that if, to the bowliul of "gentic Lamb's wool?" we

Add sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale, too.

we might even, in this day, hope to

Make the wassalle a swinger.
But, after all, the mixture is a lost art and has

But, after all, the mixture is a lost art and has given place to

THE EGG-NOGG,
which forms the staple of Christmas eve and Christmas jolity. Instead of drinking out of the same cup, each of us is provided with his or her cup. Egg-nogg has the "call" for thristmas; but that "next day" for those who have freely indulged is described by the victims as something awiul. It is perhaps the recollection of after-Christmas horrors resulting from this beverage that banishes it (with an exception for New Year) from the palate, until Christmas comes again with its jollity—its repetitions of egg-nogg—its nervous headaches of the day after—and its grim sentence of exile for a twelve month, after New Year.

Few things in life are more pleasant than to see the family seated in the family parior on Christmas night. It is as night draws on, and the great tree is gleaming with its treasures, that the world really seems, for a season to be forgotien. There is no business for paterfamilias, no call for mater-familias, no check for the children. Conversation is being carried on; stories are told; the plano is being carried on; stories are told; the plano is being carried on; stories are told; the plano is being carried on; stories are told; the plano is the tree, and looks, on this night, for all the world like a toy with the rest. Make the most of all this while you can, little ones. Stay up as late to-night as you will be allowed; shout to the celling; blow your trumpets and beat your drums; the night as you will be allowed; shout to the celling; blow your trumpets and beat your drums; the night for all the world like a toy with the rest. Make the most of all this while you can, little ones. Stay up as late to-night as you will be allowed; shout to the celling; blow your trumpets and beat your drums; the night is night, for all the world like a toy with the rest. Make the most of all this while you can, little ones. Stay up as late to-night as you will be allowed; shout to the celling; blow your trumpets and beat your drums; the

and power to breed a small riot whenever the humor setzes him. Master Charlie will need watching.

So, Christmas has been brought down from the Dutch occupation of New Amsterdam to the present time. It has been shown how successive generations have kept up the old honor; how, though they might dufer in the mode, the spirit has not much varied, and how the world grows old faster in many things than in its respect for the blessed day which gave us our Lord. There is one point, however, upon which we must go farther back than the Knickerbockers. That is the custom of making gifts on Christmas Day, a custom which is as old as the day itself. It began with the Magi of the Lord that bright star, carried gifts to the Holy Child. These were the first of gift-makers. Even the dark-skinned Ethiopian brought his gold and frankincense and myrrh and laid them reverently at the feet of Him whom he had come from fair to see and to worship. It is a proof of the humanity, if it may be so termed, of this festival that this custom of gifts should have come down without a break to the present day. We enroli ourselves under the banner of these magi; and they are to us the star by which we know that it is gracious and proper to make gifts in commemoration of the event they honored.

THE STOCKBROKERS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

Grand Rampage Among the Bulls and Bears-Fish Horns and Pandemonium The advent of Christmas was celebrated yesterchange. Gongs, fish horns, dinner bells and whistles were brought into requisition, and the whole scene as presented reminded one strongly of the capers of the devils in the grotto of Gabriel Grubb. Weird and fantastic motions were the order of the day, and to the unsophisticated mind it would not be hard to imagine that a part at least of Pandemonium had been let loose in Wall street. But these devils were harmless creatures, and from the fact that they called for no lost souls it is fair to presume that all the harvest has been gathered in. Verily Satan had a tough job in his collection in Wall and Broad streets. Buils and bears met in friendly converse sal good will. How the party yelled and screamed A chorus of negroes at a Southern corn-shucking was not to be compared to it. The demoniac yells which arose now and again were deafen-ing in the extreme. One cause of the uproar was as follows:—At about noon, and when every man held high wassail, two individuals neatly but cautiously dressed, heavy mudlers covering the lower part of their faces, made their way unobserved to the floor of the Stock Exchange. Their entry was unnouteed, as we have stated, by any of the members, and they were nearly under the dome when the echo was awakened by a pair of stentorian lungs requesting the price of new Tennessees. The strangets were not left long in doubt as to what the question meant. One young built gored the elder of the two under the fifth rib and completely demoralized him, while the other was so vigorously held by a bear that his ideas of Christmas theology were completely upset and their hats soon resembled the time-honored tile of Mr. William Barlow; but as they had not the "wolce" of that gentleman, their plaintive appeals for gentler treatment (they had been raised pets) were unheeded by the grotesque assembly of the Christmas-crazed animals that surrounded them. Ruffled, rumpled and riled, the uninappy pair were carried out on the sboulders of the jubilant members and no sooner had they reached the them. Ruffled, rumpled and riled, the unhappy pair were carried out on the shoulders of the jubliant members, and no sooner had they reached the sidewalk than they cried, "Legs, do your duty," and it is positively asserted by those who witnessed that race that the chase o'er Cannable Lee was tame in comparison. A gentleman who witnessed the tiger and bull fight that lately occurred in Havana stated that the Stock Exchange performance beat it, or the carnival at Rome, by long odds. Old men and youngsters joined in the fun, and, although the play was somewhat rough, but few people lost their temper.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE MARTS.

How Stockings are Filled and Tables Laden To-day-Buying the Christmas Gifts and Provender-Scenes in the Streets and Markets.

Christmas eve in the streets and markets last night looked like the same occasions "in ye olden time," in the good old years when no panic had struck alike into the coffers of the rich and the shallow pockets of the poor. "Money is scarce," have been the words on everybody's lips during the past three months, yet people live somehow, and manage to buy their Christmas dinners, sweet-meats and toys for the stockings, Christmas trees for the tables and some gifts for chosen friends and relatives. The only difference however, may be that the stocking is not so well or choicely filled, the Christmas tree is less prolific loved ones not so costly or beautiful as the heart would have made them if the wallet had been as I wanted to buy you, but you shall have some thing better next year;" and so the world goes Hope, the intangible motive power of the world's happiness and progress holds And for these reasons the shops in the busy streets and all the market houses were filled last night with bustling, bartering, buying crowds of people, few purchasing all they desired, but all buying some-thing. The evening, meterologically considered, was a success. The air was clear and soft, though a little cool, and the moon with her face shrouded in a delicate haze gave the atmosphere

little cool, and the moon with her face shrouded in a delicate haze gave the atmosphere

A CHEERY, AMBIENT GLOW.

The stars twinkled as anspiciously as they did 1873 years ago to the snepherds who watched their flocks on the Judean hillsides, and the only omen in the heavens of coming discomiort was a great lunar halo that preasged an early storm. The fact is the moon's face looked a little wet last nigot and there was every indication of a snow or rain fall by noon to-morrow at the farthest; perhaps to-day. Underfoot the streets were uncomfortable with a thin coating of half dissolved, muddy snow, but that was little impediment to the shopping and marketing. The shops were kept open later than usual and their lighted windows threw a merry light on the throngs of pedestrians that trooped through all the business thoroughfares. Many of the stores were decked in holiday garb, with wreathes and festoons of evergreen, blooming ribbon blossoms. None of the places of business looked more thoroughly Christmas like than the butchers' shops with the great red and white joints of freshly killed meat, trimmed with holiday finery and so evidently pre-enting the roast beef element that the plum pudding idea surgested itself without an effort. Next came the toy shops, and it was especially noticeable how few children there were in or about them.

THE PATRONS

Were all grown people, who had left the juveniles at home, carly abed, lest by waiting up they might see old Santa Claus and frighten the old man away before be had left the little ones' largesses. Then out went the parents to perpetrate the innocent fraud on children which has kept all juveniledom gaping and wonder-eyed for centuries past, and will give rise to millions of strange questionings this morning as to "what the old man looks like ?" "at what

children which has kept an juventure and will give rise to millions of strange questioning this morn-ing as to "what the old man looks like?" "at what time did he come?" and "did he come down the chimney?" And of course there were whole backets full of ministure flags bought, the time

lated by the Spaniard to-day—to be used in the adornment of tree and manielpiece, and for the little ones to wave welcomes to every visitor. But every store had its throng; the dry goods dealer, the jeweller, the bookseller, and even the pawnbroker did more than the usual quota of business, for there were hundreds who had set their hearts on redeeming last night some ornament or article to be worn to-day, and who will perchance PLEDGE IT AGAIN
before the dawning of the new year to ward off by the sacrifice the pressing pang of hunger.

Down to the markets there streamed throngs of people until near midnight, basket laden, buying for the tables to-day, and here, perhaps, were witnessed the most essentially holiday scenes that were anywhere presented. All were aglow and agiare with flaming lights and seething with the hum of human voices, every one, buyer and seller, deeming themselves entitled to the display of more than the usual amount of good nature and jocular retort. Bring a stranger into the midst of such a scene and he would never realize that there were "hard times" in the land, for the products of the soil seemed

ALMOST OVERFLOWING

almost overflowing in their abundances. There were mountains of cabbage, hundreds of barrels of potatoes, celery in long winrows, fruit in vast tinted pyramids; fowls, turkeys and game festooned the wails, and it seemed as though the vast crowds that surged in and out of the market places by a dozen thoroughfares would soon bear, away every vestige of the varied stock that was an encumbrance everywhere; and, altough everybody carried away something, the store appeared not to diminish, and the venders were ready to stay all night and supply "all creation" if buyers only showed up. Then there were hundreds of improvised stands in all the streets leading to the markets, where boys and women soid evergreens, holly and pine and laurel; waxen Christmas candies, tin rattles, dishes and shociaces, and all the thousand and one articles that go to make up the sum of our civilized needs, needed at all times when they are wanted, but more than ever at the cheery Christmastide.

CHRISTMAS AT TRINITY.

Distribution of Presents to the Children of the Sunday School.

The Christmas celebration at Trinity church began yesterday afternoon with choral services and a procession by the children of the Sunday school. The church has been decorated with holly and palm, in honor of the greatest day in all the Christian year. The spaces between the windows are the back part of the altar is similarly draped. while the organ loft is arranged with Christmas trees and holly boughs. On the altar and chancel are arranged the choicest floral gifts, the perfume from which pervades the whole atmosphere of the church. On entering the doorway of the church one is struck with the admirable taste with which all the details of the decoration have been managed. The details of the decoration have been managed. The cluster columns have been hung with strips of evergreen and flowers and in the middle aisle is placed the Christmas tree, belonging to the children of the Sunday school. This tree is unlike most others, for the reason of its being made of gas pipes, on which branches have been arranged so much after nature that one is at first deceived. From this gas piping there are 1,000 jets, all of which were lighted yesterday afternoon, during the Sunday school celebration, at which the prizes were distributed.

were distributed.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

At the Sunday school celebration yesterday afternoon there was a large congregation present to witness the awarding of gilts. The children occupied the middle aisle, and, while in the seats, they sung, "Hark! a shout of heavenly music" very prettily, after which Dr. Ogilby made a short address, in which he spoke of the significance of the feast. The story of the Stable at Bethlebem—that story which grows young with years—was pathetically told in a pure, simple and childlike way, and was listened to with attention and interest even by the adults present. Then the children sung another carol and a Christmas tree song, and the distribution of prizes terminated the exercises for the afternoon.

Near midnight, last night, Mr. James Ayliffe, the old bell ringer of Trinity church, started the brazen tonguers articulated the following music:-

1. Ringing the changes on eight bells.
2. Christmas carol, "The Christmas Tree."
3. Christmas carol, "See the Morning Star is Swelling."
4. Christmas carol, "Amgels from the Realms of Glory."
5. Christmas carol, "Loveiy Land."
6. Christmas carol, "A Merry, Merry Christmas."
7. Christmas carol, "Christwas Born on Christmas Day."

7. Christmas carol, "Christwas Born on Christmas Day,"
Few were near to hear the music which marked
the 1,874th anniversary of the birth of the Redeemer
of the world, Perhaps many an unfortunate woman
or dissolute man heard the music, and it awakened in him or her the recollection of "what had
been and what might be," but none of all the
husy throng that crowd the street upon which
the old tower keeps watch all day long were there
to hear the tale of solace and of hope that the old
bells tolled.

MIDNIGHT SERVICES AT ST. AL-

The midnight services at St. Alban's, in Fortyseventh street, near Lexington avenue, were of a solemn and highly impressive character. A large congregation was present, and the brightness and brilliancy of the church contrasted strangely with | Mozart; Recessional Hymn, 44. The musical por the darkness and silence without. The church had been exquisitely decorated by the ladies of the congregation. Beautiful hothouse flowers adorned the altar, stars of camelias and poinsetta leaves, vases of autumn leaves, evergreens and berries were placed at the foot of the altar, which was rendered still brighter by six additional lights. The pulpit was decorated with holly berries, moss and Christmas evergreen. The Rev. C. W. Morrill, arrayed in the canonical robes, officiated at this celebration of the holy communion. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Albertus, choir master, rendered the music admirably. The procession, which entered the church at twelve o'clock precisely, was in the following order:—Thurifer, crucifer, choir boys, the banner of the Nativity, choir men, taper bearers, acolytes, lay clerks and sacred ministers clad in their cassocks, blue, red and white. They presented a unique and picturesque appearance. It was half-past one o'clock this morning when the services terminated, and the congregation began to disperse.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY TH VIRGIN.

Evening and Midnight Services-Th Order of Exercises-Services for th

Eve, at this church were conducted by the rector, Father Brown, assisted by Father Noyes and the usual corps of choristers. The high altar was beautifully ornamented with flowers, over which
the light of numerous candles shed a pleasing,
light. The railing and the base of the
windows were covered with evergreen, and
wreaths of holly hung about the walls.
Soon after eight o'clock the solemn toll
of the bell announced that the hour of
service had arrived, and soon after the
procession emerged from the ante-room and
took place within the altar, chanting a Christmas
hymn. The following is the order of exercises for
the vesper services of the season:—The Processional, selection of Psalms, "Cantate Domino,"
"Bonum est Confiteri," "Deus Miseratur," "Benedie Anima Mea," hymn, offertory, "Magnificat" Processional. The organist, Mr. Geo. Prentiss, presided
at the instrument, preceding the services, with
selections from Donizetti. A large audience was
m attendance at the evening service, which closed
at ten o'clock. The midnight service, which consisted of a repetition of the exercises mentioned,
with the addition of the administration of the holy
sacrament, were of especial interest, and a feeling
of deep solemnity was apparent among the large
pumber in attendance. The rector announced services in the church at half-past nine o'clock this
morning, and the second vespers at four o'clock
this afternoon.

THE DAY AT THE THEATRES.

Blind Tom gives a matinee at Steinway Hall this

The airy entertainment at Niblo's, in which the Vokes take the leading part, will be given this day, both afternoon and evening.

"Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," Nicolai's comic opera, will be given at the Stadt Theatre to-night, with Hermanns as Falstaff.

The exhibition of "The Pilgrim" still goes on a Bain's Hail. Through the holiday week a numbe of new tableaux, &c., will also be shown.

The minor theatres all give extra matinées t

day. Excellent bills will be presented at Di Bryant's, the Metropolitan Theatre and the Theat

Comique.

There will be three performances at Wood

There will be three performances at Wood's to-day, the first taking place at eleven o'clock and the others at the usual hours. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are now playing at this theatre.

Hartz continues to astonish large audiences at Robinson Hall with his tricks. The method of his Indian box trick is as yet undiscovered, and his challenge to the Spiritualists is still open.

At the Germania Theatre Moser's latest comedy, "Der Elephant," will be played this afternoon, and in the evening Offenbach's opera Dougle, "Les Georgiennes," will be produced for the first time.

"Adda," with its brilliant scenery and gorgeous

any opera better suited to the occasion or one likely to prove so attractive.

Mr. Wybert Reeve's impersonation of Count Posco in "The Woman in Wilte," at the Broadway Theatre, is well worth seeing. The piece is to be withdrawn after this week. A grand gala matine will be given this afternoon, and the usual performance in the evening.

Two performances will be given at the Bowery Theatre. At both a new pantomime, called "Mother Goose," and a larce will be given. The transformation scene in the pantomine will represent the "poetic retreat of Mother Goose in the coral beds of the golden egg."

At Booth's there is to be a grand Christman matine as well as an evening performance of "Kit," Mr. F. S. Chanfrau has imade manch of his reputation by his rendition of this creation, and it is in every way excellent amusement for the Christmas time.

No extra matine is announced at Wallack's for this day, but in the evening Mr. Lester Wallack and the company appear in "A Man of Honor." Mr. Wallack's delicate rendering of the part of Jacques, his latest creation, and the general excellence of the acting make the performance exceedingly enjoyable, and the play is among the leading attractions of the evening.

The "Particide," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is one of those rapidly-moving dramas which are especially attractive during the holiday season. There is much merriment in the piece, and the hat worn by Mr. Davidge in the fourth tableau in itself provokes a hearty laugh, it is a hat to make the fortune of any low comedian. An extra matinee as this house.

The Christmas pantomime at the Grand Opera House is a most charming entertainment for this merry season. In every respect it is as merry as Christmas itself. Mr. George L. Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" is as lolly as ever, and what ands to its charm is the fact that it is always new. All the tricks and effects are in complete working order, and the variety business is so skifnely interwoven with the action of the pantomime as to make "Humpty Dumpty Abroad," with its magnificant m

MUSIC IN THE CHURCHES.

Christmas Programmes of the Organists. Music will be the principal feature in all the lead-ing churches to-day, being regarded as the chief handmaiden of religion in the proper celebration of the greatest of all Christian festivals. Organists have been industrious for some time past, marshal ling their forces for this occasion, and in many churches the ordinary choir will be strengthene by chorus and orchestra. The Catholic and Episcopal churches are foremost in the musical line, and we append some of their best programmes with the selections of other religious denomine

At the Catholic Cathedral the organist, Profe Gustavus Schmitz, has prepared Haydn's Third Mass, with a full choir of selected voices. At the Gradual the "Adeste Fideles" will be sung; at the Offertory, "Pastores," by Lambillotte; at the Ele-vation, "Ecce Panis," by Proch, and at vespers a new work, by Professor Schmitz, and Rossini's

"Old Trinity," as usual, will be foremost in the celebration of the great festival. The order of seven A. M.. morning prayer at nine o'clock, second communion at eleven o'clock, when the following programme will be given, Rev. Dr. Dix officiating, assisted by Rev. Dr. Opilby:-Proces-sional Hymn 42, Anthem from Hymn 43, Kyrie, Nicene Creed (First Mass), Sermon, Offertory (Benedictus), Sanctus (First Mass), Mozart; Agnus Dei, Mozart; Gloria in Excelsis (First Mass). tion of the services will be conducted by the or ganist, Mr. Messiter, with an orchestra of 40

ST ANN'S (ROMAN CATHOLIC) CHURCH. A new mass, by the distinguished organist of this church, M. Louis Dachauer, will be sung for the first time by the solo choir, Mile. Corradi, Mile. Gomien and Messrs, Pflueger and Succio, assis efore high mass and a new -'Veni Creator," as an unaccompanied quartet, will precede the sermon.

	Dr. Grounds o Caronossi
죌	The programme of Christmas music at St.
1	George's church, Stuyvesant Park, is as follows:-
	1, "Shout the Glad Tidings"Avison
3	2. Chant for Christmas
3	2. Chant for Christmas
9	& Jubilate, in Fdackson
꾋	6. Hymn 37Cutler
П	7. Hymn 34 8. Offertory, solo and chorus, "Thou That Tellest,"
38	
A	9. Credo
X	St. George's choir consists of 30 voices, under the
	direction of W. F. Williams, organist.
	ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH.

At the church of the Jesuits in Sixteenth street the first mass of the organist, Dr. William Berge, will be sung by the regular choir, strengthened t a large chorus, bells and brass quartet. The princ pal singers will be:—Miss Teresa Werneke and Mr Berge, soprani; Miss Mary Werneke and Mme. Shultz, contraiti; Messrs, Tamaro and Kleps, ten-ors; Messrs, Bacelli and Stanton, bassos. Berge's arrangement of "Adeste Fideles" will be given at

arrangement of "Adeste Fideles" will be given at the offertory.

St. Bartholomew's Church.

The following programme will be given at this church, under the direction of Mr. S. J. Gilbert,

-31	O. Bernatt
3	MORNING SERVICE.
28	Processional, "Thy Seat, O God!"
9	(Compound for this occusion.)
'n	Anthem. "O Zion"Bucl
9	Anthem. "O Zion" Bucl "Gloris," No. 1, in E. Warres
器	"Caloria !! No 2 in F
a	"Gloria in Excelsis," in A flat
я	"Te Deum," in CFre
38	Jubilate, in D (Festival) Psalm, "Lift up thine eyes" (Elijah)Mendelijah
я	Psalm, "Lift up thine eyes" (Elijah)
и	"Kyrie
90	"Gloria Tibi. Hauel Hymn, "O'er Bethiehem's Hill' (carol)
333	Hymn, "O'er Bethienem's Hill' I (caroli
38	Offertory, "The people that walked in darkness;" "For unto us a child is born (Messiah)
儩	
a	"Sanctus" (Messe Solennelle)
æ	
20	"Bucharistic Hymn"Jackson
	"Recessional"Gilber
а	ascocaninging resistant services and services are service
S	ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.
ĸ	At this well known Catholic church the musical
	services will be very fine. High mass will be cele
	The man

3	WILL DE MINGE ZION CHURCH.
ß	we charles Wels, organist of this church, an
16	nounces the following programme of music:-
9	Opening anthem. "The Marvellous Work,"
8	(soprano solo and chorus)
88	Te Deum
遞	Jubilate Mosentha Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings"
3	Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings"
3	Hymn, "Hark! the Herald"
a	The choir will consist of Mrs. Agnes Vedder, the
7	distinguished soprano; Miss Stetson, Mrs. Mardon
1	Mr. Wood, Mr. Aykie and Mr. Charles Wols, or
66	ganist. ST. PETERS' CHURCH.
-	DI PRINCE UNUNCH.

Gramme:

Mass No. 6, in B fint
Graduale, "Adeate Fideles"
Offertory, "Ave Verum"
Sung by Mr. Friuch
Blevation, "O. Salutaris"
Find by Mrs. Kaston.
Sung by Mrs. Kaston.
Burg by Mrs. Easton. Mrs. Ber